

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES.

VOLUME II.

GRAND HAVEN, MICHIGAN, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1852.

WHOLE NUMBER 62.

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING, BY
HAUNS & ANGEL.
Office over H. Griffin's Store, Washington Street.

TERMS.—Payment in Advance.
Taken at the office, or forwarded by Mail, \$1.00.
Delivered by the Carrier in the Village, 1.50.
One shilling in addition to the above will be
charged for every three months that payment is
delayed.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are
paid, except at the discretion of the publishers.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

One Square, (12 lines or less,) first insertion, fifty
cents, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent
insertion. Legal advertisements at the rates pre-
scribed by law. Yearly or monthly advertisements
as follows:

1 square 1 month, \$1.00. 1 square 1 year, \$5.00.
1 " 3 " 2.00. 1 column 1 " 20.00.
1 " 6 " 3.00. 1 " 1 month, 5.00.

Advertisements unaccompanied with writ-
ten or verbal directions, will be published until or-
dered out, and charged for. When a postponement
is added to an advertisement, the whole will be
charged the same as for the first insertion.

Letters relating to business, to receive at-
tention, must be addressed to the publishers—post
paid.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY—1852.

WILLIAM HENDRICK, Dealer in ready made
Clothing; can suit the most fastidious, both as
to price and quality. Call at the first door below
J. T. Davis' Tailor shop, Washington street,
Grand Haven, Michigan.

WHITE LAKE HOUSE, By Clements & Bowers.
The proprietors having recently new fitted
and re-furnished this House, feel confident
that visitors and travelers will find this House to
compare favorably with the best in the State.
The traveling community are invited to call.

HENRY MARTIN, successor to Ball & Martin.
Storage, Forwarding and Commission Merchant.
Grand Rapids, Michigan.

HENRY R. WILLIAMS, Storage, Forwarding
and Commission Merchant, also Agent for
the Steamer Algoma. Store House at Grand
Rapids, Kent Co., Mich.

C. B. ALBEE, Storage, Forwarding and Com-
mission Merchant, and Dealer in Dry Goods,
Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Boots and Shoes,
&c., &c. Flour and Salt constantly on hand.
Store, corner Washington and Water streets,
Grand Haven, Mich.

GILBERT & CO., Storage, Forwarding and
Commission Merchants, and dealers in Produce,
Lumber, Shingles, Staves &c., &c. Grand Ha-
ven, Michigan.

FERRY & SONS, Dealers in Dry Goods, Gro-
ceries, Provisions, Hardware, Clothing, Boots
and Shoes, Crockery and Medicines—also man-
ufacturers and dealers in all kinds of Lumber.
Water Street, Grand Haven.
WM. M. FERRY, JR. }
THOS. W. FERRY. } WM. M. FERRY.

HENRY GRIFFIN, Dealer in Staple and fancy
Dry Goods, Ready made Clothing, Boots and
Shoes, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery and Glass,
Drugs, Chemicals, Medicines, Paints and Oils,
and Provisions. Also, Lumber, Shingles, &c., &c.
Opposite the Washington House, Grand Haven,
Michigan.

F. B. GILBERT, Dealer in Dry Goods, Cloth-
ing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Crockery
and Stone Ware, Hard Ware, Groceries, Provi-
sions and Ship Stores. Grand Haven, Michigan.

L. M. S. SMITH, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines,
Paints, Oils and Dye Stuffs, Dry Goods, Gro-
ceries and Provisions, Crockery, Hardware, Books,
Stationery, &c., &c. At the Post Office, corner
of Park and Barber streets, Mill Point, Mich.

HOPKINS & BROTHERS, Storage, Forwarding
& Commission merchants; general dealers in all
kinds of Dry Goods, Groceries, grain and provi-
sions; manufacturers and dealers wholesale and
retail in all kinds of lumber, at Mill Point, Mich.

C. DAVIS & CO., Dealers in Dry Goods, Gro-
ceries, Provisions, Hardware, Crockery, Boots and
Shoes, &c., &c. Muskegon, Michigan.

SIMON SIMENOE, Dealer in Groceries and
Provisions. Washington Street, second door
East of the Ottawa House.

WASHINGTON HOUSE, By HENRY PENNOYER.
The proprietor has the past Spring new-
ly fitted and partly re-furnished this House,
and feels confident visitors will find the House
to compare favorably with the best in the State.

WILLIAM TELL HOTEL, By HARRY EA-
TON. Pleasantly situated with excellent rooms
well furnished, and the table abundantly sup-
plied with the luxuries and substantial of life.

STEPHEN MONROE, Physician and Surgeon.
Office over J. T. Davis' Tailor Shop. Washing-
ton Street, Grand Haven.

M. B. HOPKINS, Attorney and Counsellor at
Law, Solicitor in Chancery and Circuit Court
Commissioner for Ottawa County. Office first
door west of H. Griffin's store.

R. W. DUNCAN, Attorney at Law, will attend
promptly to collecting and all other professional
business entrusted to his care. Office over H.
Griffin's Store, opposite the Washington House,
Grand Haven, Mich.

H. G. SMITH, Blacksmith. All kinds of work
in my line done to order, and no trust for pay.
Shop south of C. B. Albee's Tannery, Grand Ha-
ven, Michigan.

H. MERRILL, Boot and Shoemaker. Boots
and Shoes neatly repaired, and all orders promp-
tly attended to. Shop one door below the Wash-
ington House, Grand Haven, Mich.

JAMES PATTERSON, Painter and Glazier.
House, Sign, and Ornamental Painting done at
Grand Haven. All orders will be promptly at-
tended to, by leaving word at this office. Shop at
Grand Rapids, Michigan.

JOHN T. DAVIS, Merchant Tailor. Shop on
Washington Street, first door west of H. Griffin's
Store.

GROSVENOR REED, Prosecuting Attorney
for Ottawa County. Residence at Charleston
Landing, Allendale, Ottawa County, Mich.

HOYT G. POST, Clerk of Ottawa County. Of-
fice over H. Griffin's store, opposite the Wash-
ington House.

WILLIAM N. ANGEL, Register of Deeds, and
Notary Public for Ottawa County. Office over
H. Griffin's store, Washington street, opposite the
Washington House, Grand Haven.

HENRY PENNOYER, Treasurer of Ottawa
County. Office over H. Griffin's Store, opposite
the Washington House.

ANA A. SCOTT, Sheriff of Ottawa County.
Office over H. Griffin's store, opposite the Wash-
ington House.

For the Grand River Times.

BY E. L.

Come, fly with me! I have a bower
Upon the lake's clear crystal stream,
Where every bud, and every flower
Adds beauty to the rustic scene;
And many warblers tune their throats
To welcome you with woodland notes.

Come, fly with me! The timid fawn
Will court your smiles, and seek to play
Amid the mountains, in the lawn,
From morn 'till eve, from eve 'till day,
'Till tired of such sports you'd be,
You'd rest in sweet tranquility.

Come, fly with me! The bower of love
Is wove with roses, fresh and gay;
The cooing of the turtle-dove,
Will gild the weariest hours away,
And joy will ever crown thy brow,
And sit in smiles, as it does now.

Come, fly with me! This world is all
A scene of sorrow, and of care—
The buds of hope, how soon they fall,
And wither in the chill, damp air—
I have a bower, 'tis built for thee—
Come, fly away! Come, fly with me!

THE LINNET AND HIS NEST.

A FABLE FOR THE YOUNG.

There was once upon a time, a linnet's nest
in a quiet green lane—a lane very little frequented
by travelers, where the only traffic was that
of farmers, hinds, and plowmen, with now and
then an old woman in a red cloak with a basket
of eggs or butter, or a young lass with laughing
eyes and freckled face, bedappled with the shadows
of the fluttering leaves, gliding noiselessly
along beneath the trees. The grass grew plentifully
on the ground, and almost concealed the
deep ruts made by the passage of the hay-carts
and harvest-wains, so that if you did not take
heed to your steps you might find yourself let
down a good deal lower in the world before you
were aware of it. There were whitethorns and
blackthorns, brambles, hazels and alder-trees,
thickly clustering together in the hedges on ei-
ther side, together with young ashes, old poll-
ards, and graceful birches. There was generally
a company of donkeys, strolling leisurely
about the lane, placid, well-conducted members
of society, who, if they ever had any wild oats
to sow, had sown them long ago, and were ready
to make amends by devouring any quantity of
oats, wild or cultivated, they could meet with in
the course of their wanderings. There was a
little brook of clear sparkling water which bub-
bled and babbled perpetually under the left bank
from one end of the lane to the other, and much
farther in both directions than I can tell; and
made music all night long, and all day too, tho'
it could scarcely be heard then for the singing
of the birds, who had it all pretty much their
own way in the green lane, there being neither
school-boys nor gunners in the neighborhood to
plunder their nests in summer or knock them on
the head in winter.

As I said before, there was a linnet's nest in
this lane, built in a darkling bush of whitethorn,
in the very thickest part of the hedge just over
the brook, where it ran rushing by between a
couple of great stones, all green with the moss
of perhaps a hundred years. The old birds that
occupied this nest were a prudent couple, who
had brought up several broods, some of which
had been taken by the ruthless hand of the spoiler,
and consigned to a lingering death through
ill treatment; or, worse fate still, as some may
think, to perpetual imprisonment within the
iron bars of singing cages. Sorrow had taught
them foresight, and they were cunning enough
now to elude the ravages of the bird-nester by
keeping out of his way.

They had now as fine a family around them
as ever dwelt peaceably together in one nest.—
Dick, the eldest, was a forward kind of bird; he
was the first to chip the shell and pop his little
pate into the world, and before he was half an
hour old had gobbled up a grub from his mother's
bill half as big as his own head. He was
always the first to open his mouth of a morning,
kept it open the widest when anything in the
eating way was going forward, and was the last
to shut it at night. He was the first to get a
coat to his back, and a crown to his poll, and the
first to testify, to the immense gratification of
his hard-working parents, the indisputable indi-
cations of a tail in perspective. The pleasant
sunny days and weeks of early summer did a
vast deal for Dick and his younger brothers and
sisters. The whole domestic circle, with the
exception of the parents, who lost flesh and
feather through anxiety and hard work, thrived
and grew amazingly; and one fine morning, to
the astonishment of all beholders, the saucy
Dick leaped from the nest to a spray just above
it, and giving three chirps in honor of the event,
flew to the top of the bush, and in a very loud
strain proclaimed to all whom it might concern
that he had set up in the world for himself.—
Neither of his parents was very sorry to get rid
of him, for to say the truth, the whole brood
had grown so big of late, and had played such
sad havoc with the nest, that repair was almost
out of the question, and whether it could be put
into a condition to qualify it for future service,
was more than they knew.

But we must leave the old birds to bring up
and turn forth their expensive family, and repair
or rebuild the paternal dwelling as they best can;
and follow and see what Master Dick is about,
and how he is going to use the world and the
world him. He got on bravely during the sum-
mer months; before he had left home a fort-
night he could fly as well and as high as his own
father. He had a natural taste for music too,
and as sweet a pipe of his own as one would
wish to hear. What with learning new tunes,
filling himself to his heart's content with insects
and green seeds, he led, for a bird, a merry life.
Cold and wet weather he did not like so well;
not that he cared for rain, he could shake that
off easily enough; but it sent the flies to their
hiding-places, and, with the exception of a stray
worm or grub, reduced him altogether to a veg-
etable diet. He learned a very small amount
of prudence and patience by slow degrees, and

began to think much less of the figure he was
to cut in the world, when he found himself, as
winter drew on, in company with sparrows, chaf-
finches, wagtails, tomtits, and other ignominious
of small standing, waiting of a morning on the
shiny side of a hedge for the sun to thaw the
snow-covered bank that he might begin routing
with the rest for the chance of a breakfast.—
More than once he had a narrow escape of his
life, through Charley Fowler raking the afore-
said hedge with his gun—a ceremony which de-
termined him to keep at a respectful distance if
possible from any salutations of that sort in fu-
ture.

The winter wore off, as winters will do, and
before March had blown away all his breath,
Dick had made acquaintance with another linnet,
whom we shall call Dolly. He had tendered his
bill, which Dolly had accepted.

"Now," said he to Dolly, "we'll show the old
folks how to manage matters. I'm not going
to build my house in a dwarfish bush, where we
may sit day after day and see nothing. I like
to look at the world, and see what's going on
in it."

With that the young couple set off to Dick's
native lane, and called upon the old couple,
whom they found busy in refitting the old nest.
While the old matron and the young bride sidled
off together, Master Dick announced to his sire
his intention of setting an example to the race
of linnets by assuming a loftier position in so-
ciety. "I cannot imagine any reason," said he,
"why we linnets should shut ourselves in such
dark holes as we all of us do, while the hoarse
crow and the hooting owl take possession of the
lofty trees, and look around far and wide upon
the beauties and riches of nature. I am resolv-
ed to assert our equal right with them, and build
my first nest in the top of yonder oak; that will
be a noble residence—a right royal dwelling."

"Very fine, I dare say," replied the old bird;
"but if your mate lays her eggs a-top of that
oak, it's my notion they'll never be anything
but eggs; but you can try, of course, if you
like."

"That I certainly shall," said Dick; and with
that, calling Dolly to bear a back to the work,
the couple commenced operations by laying the
first stick in the highest fork of the topmost
bough. The work went on merrily, both part-
ners laboring incessantly at their airy throne,
which was to be a model for their whole tribe.
In a few days it was finished, and who so pleased
as our young couple with their new house? They
took possession with much fuss and ado, and
tittered the old folks in the bush below as
being without a particle of proper ambition.

The sun went down, and Dick and Dolly went
up to roost in their lofty domicile. Dark night
came on apace, and with the night a dismal
storm of rain and wind and thunder: flash came
the lightning! crash came the thunder! up and
down, this side and that, roared the young couple
and their new nest, from which they momentari-
ly expected to be pitched out. In spite of the
admirable pent-house they made by overlap-
ping the edge of the nest with their wings, the
heavy bullets of rain beat through their feeble
guard and wet their trembling toes. Already
they began to doubt the prudence of the step
they had taken, and to wish their new house
could by any possibility be removed to a quiet-
er locality, when—crash! came another tre-
mendous burst of thunder, and down they were
borne to the ground, along with the branch upon
which they had erected their dwelling, and
which the lightning had rent away. They man-
aged to escape without much damage beyond
the fright, and fluttering into a dry and tranquil
spot under the thickest hedge, got through the
rest of the terrible night as well as they could.

Master Dick's consequence had completely
departed before the dawn of morning. His
ideas on the subject of building had undergone
a thorough revolution, and he now professed
himself as much alarmed at the presumption of
his parents in having their nest six feet above
the level of the ground, as he had been before
disgusted with their want of spirit in building
so low. "No, no," said he, "no more thunder
storms about my head for me; self-preservation
is the first law of nature; henceforth, like the
lark—the lark is a wise bird—I build upon the
ground. Come, Dolly, you know we have no
time to lose; we have the whole work to do
over again, and the sooner we begin the bet-
ter."

So to work they went again upon the ground
in the lane, under the shelving grass upon the
brink of the brook. After a few days of industri-
ous labor, another home was ready for their
use, and they promised themselves much snug
and comfortable enjoyment in a spot secure from
the angry blasts of the tempest and the obser-
vation of man or beast. No sooner, however,
was the work finished, and Dick had got into it
to look around and realize his comfortable po-
sition, than up tramped old Jubbin, farmer Fal-
low's donkey, and nosing down to drink at the
brook, claps his "forefoot" plump upon the mid-
dle of the nest, and crushes it to pulp in the
mud at the bottom. Dick, astonished beyond
measure, though narrowly escaping with his life
could not resist scolding the donkey; but the
patient look of the ass was too much for Dick's
displeasure, and there was nothing left for him
but to select a third position, and to set about
building a third house, the demand for which
was now becoming urgent as the season was far
advancing.

By this time Dick's opinion of his own su-
perior sagacity was very considerably modified,
and though more anxious than ever to see him-
self comfortably settled, he was in no hurry to
make any further doubtful experiments. He
called a council with Dolly, and they both agreed
to go and consult the old couple, and take ad-
vice and follow it. Dick did not at first relish
eating humble pie, but he liked the loss of his
nests still less; so, with a deferential apology,
he confessed his fault, and besought the old bird's
counsel.

"Dick, Dick, avoid dangerous extremes," was
the old bird's reply. "That's a piece of advice
I bought myself by experience. I have great
faith in the maxim, and I have acted upon it for
some years, and though we have had our losses
and bereavements, through fowlers' snares and

mischievous birds'-nests, I have reason to think
we have been safer on the whole than we sho'd
have been in any other position. Take the ad-
vice that you ask. Make your nest in yonder
clustering thorn, right opposite to ours, and I
have no doubt you will find yourselves in the
long run as comfortable and secure as it is the
lot of linnets in general to be."

Dick did as he was advised to do; he set to
work a third time with equal energy and perse-
verance, right in the center of the shady bush,
and constructed a substantial nest, secure from
the assaults of the storm and tempest, shaded
from the heat of the summer sun, and out of all
danger from the heedless hoofs of Jubbin or his
companions. Here he lived in peace, and happi-
ness, and harmony, sang sweetly to his mate,
and took his share of the domestic duties and
anxieties, always in a cheerful and melodious
spirit; he found life a bounty and a blessing,
and acknowledged it so to be in daily and hourly
songs of thankfulness and joy. For many
years the loving couple made the green lane vocal
with their gentle music.

The moral of this little fable would seem to
be that a middle station in life promises best for
a continuous and tranquil enjoyment of its du-
ties and delights. He who by any means finds
himself elevated above the position which Provi-
dence and his own qualities fit him to occupy,
cannot reasonably expect to retain it long or en-
joy it thoroughly while he does retain it. There
are storms and tempests, and dreadful thunder-
claps, in the social as well as in the natural at-
mosphere, and little men in high places, like lin-
nets aloft, are apt to be hurled down, even be-
low their just level, when these storms arise.—
On the other hand, if we have been born to a
lowly lot, we should, while cherishing content-
ment, not sink tamely down without striving to
improve it by every lawful means which God
has given us; for too low an estate has its dis-
advantages as well as too high an one. Let ev-
ery one find, as soon as possible his due and
proper place; and there, by the exercise of all
praiseworthy activities, fit himself to rise in it,
to improve it, and to make the path of duty
what it is well adapted to be, the part of peace-
ful pleasure and progress.

[London Leisure Hour.]

TRYING TO BE GENTEEL.

I once boarded in a "genteel boarding house,"
in Louisville; there were two ladies and a pi-
ano in the house—hall and parlor handsomely
furnished. The eldest young lady, the belle,
wore a summer bonnet at ten dollars—a silk
and blond concern that could not last more than
three months—silk and satin dresses at two,
three and four dollars per yard, and five dollars
for making them; and the entire family, women,
boys and babies, slept in one small room, with
two dirty bags of pine shavings, two straw
bolsters, and three dirty quilts, for bedding; and
there on the wall hung the pea-green and white
satin, the rich silk lawn dresses. These ladies
did not work, but played on the piano, accom-
panied on cards; and nearly broke their hearts the
week we were there, because another, who I
presume lived just as they did, called on them,
with a great clumsy gold chain on her neck.—
None of them had one, and Miss Lablimes, the
belle could eat no supper, and had a fit of sulks
to console her for the want of a chain.

We fear this description would suit the lati-
tude of other places besides Louisville. The
endeavor to be "genteel," is the curse of too
many of the inhabitants of our cities and villa-
ges. Weak mothers will frequently do the
most menial offices, and deny themselves com-
forts absolutely necessary to health, in order
that selfish daughters may dress above their
means, and spend their time in idleness and in
fashionable gossip. The inducement to all this
is, that the daughters may make splendid
matches; in other words, marry young men
with more money than brains, and more credit
than either. In nine cases out of ten the effort
fails, and the girls remain unmarried, thus in-
creasing the number of those discontented old
maids, who mistakenly think a single life pos-
sesses nothing honorable, but who have only
themselves to blame for their fate, since they
despised the honest men who would have had
them, in the vain hope to get others who scorned
them in turn.

There is nothing more foolish, indeed, than
this trying to be "genteel." The word itself
is vulgar, and has no real meaning, at least in
a republican country. We have no gentility
here, as they have in England. Every man is
on equality. The honest day laborer, who
serves his God, pays his debts, and does his du-
ty to his neighbor, is as worthy of respect as
the richest citizen. A respectable operative,
though poor, is far more estimable than either
the fashionable dandy, who lives by cheating his
tailor, or the extravagant merchant, who spends
more than his income. In common parlance,
"genteel people" more generally belong to the
spendthrift class than the real wealthy; to the
vain and empty fools, who live for show, than
to the intelligent, honorable and worthy. To
endeavor to ape the rich by an extravagant ex-
penditure of narrow means, is what most weak
persons do, who wish to be considered "gen-
teel." It is our deliberate opinion that no
young woman can live this life of petty hypo-
cristy, this constant struggle to seem to be what
she is not, without losing that strict regard for
truth which is one of the brightest ornaments
of female character. Better, far better, be
frank and honest! Poverty is nothing to be
ashamed of, which deceit and extravagance are.
If we were a young man, we would avoid all
families in which we detected this effort to be
"genteel;" for we should be sure we would
run great danger of marrying an extravagant
and foolish wife, if nothing worse.

Said a bed-bug to a mosquito, whom he chanced
to meet:—How is it you make out to ex-
tract so much more of life's current than myself,
when I can bite as severely as you? How can
you explain it?"

"For particulars, see small bills," quoted the
mosquito, with dignity.

A QUANDARY. A baker with both arms in
the dough up to his elbows, and a flea in the
leg of his trousers.

PERPETUITY OF THE BIBLE.

The Bible, supposing it other than it pretends
to be presents us with a still more singular phe-
nomenon in the space which it occupies thro'-
out the continued history of literature. We
see nothing like it; and it may well perplex the
infidel to account for it. Nor need his sagacity
dissain to enter a little more deeply into its pos-
sible causes than he is usually inclined to do.—
It has not been given to any other book of reli-
gion thus to triumph over national prejudices,
and lodge itself securely in the heart of great
communities—varying by every conceivable di-
versity of language, race, manners, customs, and
indeed, agreeing in nothing but a veneration for
itself. It adapts itself with facility to the revo-
lution of thought and feeling which shakes to
pieces all things else, and flexibly accommo-
dates itself to the process of society and the
changes of civilization. Even conquests—the
disorganization of old nations—the formation
of new—do not affect the continuity of its em-
pire. It lays hold of the new as of the old, and
transmigrates with the spirit of humanity; at-
tracting to itself, by its own moral power, in all
the communities it enters, a ceaseless intensity
of efforts for its propagation, illustration, and
defense.

Other systems of religion are usually delicate
exotics, and will not bear transplanting; the
gods of the nations are local deities, and reluc-
tantly quit their native soil; at all events, they
patronize only the favorite races, and perish at
once when the tribe or nation of their worship-
pers become extinct—often long before. No-
thing, indeed, is more difficult than to make for-
eigners feel anything but the utmost indiffer-
ence (except as an object of philosophic curiosi-
ty) about the religion of other nations, and no
portion of their national literature is regarded
as more tedious and unattractive than that which
treats of their theology. The elegant mythologies
of Greece and Rome made no proselytes
among other nations, and fell hopelessly the mo-
ment they fell. The Koran of Mohammed has,
it is true, been propagated by the sword, but it
has been propagated by nothing else; and its
dominion has been limited to those nations who
could not reply to that logic. If the Bible be
false, the facility with which it overleaps the
otherwise impassable boundaries of race and
clime, and domiciles itself among so many dif-
ferent nations, is assuredly a far more striking
and wonderful proof of human ignorance, per-
verseness, and stupidity, than is afforded in the
limited prevalence of even the most abject su-
perstitions; or, if it really has merits which
though a fable, have enabled it to impose so
comprehensively and variously on mankind, won-
derful indeed must have been the skill in its
composition; so wonderful that even the infidel
himself ought never to regard it but with the
proudest reverence, as far too successful and
sublime a fabrication to admit a thought of scorn
or ridicule. [Edinburgh Review.]

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH LOCKS.—It will be
remembered that Mr. Hobbs succeeded in pick-
ing the famous Bramah lock, and that he received
a reward of 200 guineas for his skill. The
Messrs. Bramah made some alterations and im-
provements in the lock, and again placed it in
the window in Piccadilly, with the original
offer of a reward appended to it. It remained in
their window a few days, when a report reached
the Messrs. Bramah that Mr. Hobbs intended
to try his luck a second time. The lock was
immediately removed, and has not since been
seen. Hobbs' Patent American lock is being
manufactured at Birmingham, Sheffield, Wol-
verhampton and in London, in large numbers,
and of all sizes, and at prices ranging from six
shillings to fifty pounds each. The office of
Hobbs' American Lock Company is opened in
Cheapside for the sale of these American locks.
The bank lock, price fifty pounds, has already
been placed on the vaults of the Bank of Eng-
land, the East India Company, and several pri-
vate banking establishments in the city. [Scientific American.]

An Irishman called on a lady and gentleman,
in whose employ he was, for the purpose of
getting some tea and tobacco. "I had a dram
last night, yer honor," said he to the gentleman.
"What was it, Pat?" "Why, I drammed that
your honor made me a present of a plug of to-
bacco, and her ladyship there—heaven bless her—
gave me some tay for the good wife." "Ah! Pat,
dreams go by contraries, you know." "Faith,
and they may be that," said Pat, without
the least hesitation, "so yer ladyship is to
give the tobacco, and yer honor, the tay."

A KENTUCKY LAWYERS APPEAL.—"The thun-
der rolled, the moon rolled, the stars winked,
the sky was a complete web—gentlemen of the
jury—of darkling darkness on that night; and
yet this ere man did, with malice aforethought,
steal forth inter the quiet shades of a lonely far-
mer's house, and then maliciously pisened his
brindle yaller dog. Convict him, and the prayers
of a nation are yours!"

There is nothing purer than honesty; nothing
sweeter than charity; nothing warmer than love;
nothing brighter than virtue; and nothing more
steadfast than faith. These, united in one mind,
form the purest, the sweetest, the richest, the
brightest, the holiest, and the most steadfast
happiness.

Happiness is not in a cottage, nor a palace,
nor in riches, nor in poverty, nor in learning,
nor in ignorance, nor in passive life; but in do-
ing right, from right motives.

Jones says he hates to see women buying
furniture at auction-rooms. The prettiest then
look ugly—their countenances are so for bid-
ding.

One of the broadest hints to pop the ques-
tion which it is possible for a young lady to
give a gentleman, is to declare to him her in-
tentions of never marrying.

Philosophers say that "figures cannot lie."
This only shows that philosophy is but little
acquainted with the uses to which women put
cotton and coffee bags.